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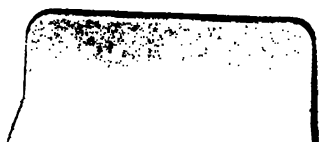
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A GARDEN
OF
REMEMBRANCE



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To Mrs. C. H. Anderson
with the compliments
of the Author

If thou art fortunate be bereft,
And thou shalt find but two bones left.
Do then — sell me, and with the dols
Buy Hyacinths to feed thy Soul!

James Henry White

May 9, 1918.

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A GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE

By JAMES TERRY WHITE

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A GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE

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A Garden of Remembrance

By



JAMES TERRY WHITE

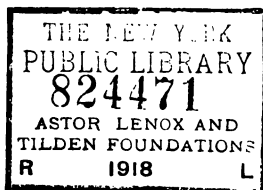
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1917

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To

THE BOY IN KHAKI

Alas! he is beyond the sea—

And we are leagues on leagues apart!

But Love, insistent,

Saith, "Nay, not so! It cannot be!

Thou hast not looked within thy heart;

How is he distant?"

IN MEMORY

For him life nothing had to give
If might the truth and right defied,
And his great heart would scorn to live
Had he his country's call denied.

But life is reft of all desire;
My heart in agony is dumb;
Yet all my thoughts of him inspire
Belief—a larger good will come;

That, in the anguish, tears and sighs
Wrung from the wounds of suffering earth,
Redeemed Humanity describes
The travail of a world's new birth,

When helpfulness shall succor need;
Might shall to Love's appeal respond;
"All Brothers," be the Nations' creed;
The will for righteousness, their bond.

He was a sunny-hearted child;
His youth so grasped the joy of life
My thought could not be reconciled
To have his soul debased by strife.

And yet my heart was filled with pride,
That when ideals were jeopardized,
The call for help was not denied,
Though even life were sacrificed.

And now he has returned to me
From all that storm of shot and shell—
That horror of uncertainty
That changed my heaven into hell.

And unto me has come content;
They draped the colors o'er his breast,
Acclaimed him victor, and he went
A hero to his well-won rest.

And though a shade the sunshine bars,
Beyond my tears there dawns a joy,
That I, too, helped to keep the stars
In God's blue sky—he was my boy!

APPRECIATION

"For one star differeth from another star in glory." Not all writers of verse make the same appeal to the same public. That which to some is strong meat, or perhaps a savoury tid-bit, is to others caviare. It cannot be gainsaid that in these days there are many carvers and polishers of cherrystones, but if the results are good who shall proclaim the labor valueless? It is never safe to prophesy that this or that writer will be remembered and read in the far-reaching future. Herrick, whom our author resembles in his joy of life and May-time spirit, has come safely down the stream of time in a tiny shallop, while the producer of many a ponderous epic has been engulfed beneath the tide. That the poems contained in this little volume are not great, in the sense that they are either epical or epochal, no one will more readily concede than their unassuming author; but that there are numerous sweet and tender verses here, all of them informed with genuine lyrical fire, few who read them will deny. In the house of song there are many mansions—some for the "mighty mouth'd inventors of harmonies," like the "organ-voiced" Milton, and some for those who breathe their delicate melodies through oaten straws. Not all of us would wish to sit forever listening to the tremendous music of the sea; now and then a weary spirit loves to loiter by the brookside and hearken to the chiming of its fairy bells. So this unpretentious book needs no

excuse for its being. It has the flavor of the day of Suckling, or Sydney, and the singer plays upon the chords of the heart with rare touch; the delicacy of the verse reminds one of the exquisite ivory of old miniatures. Such lyrics as "Gentle Shepherdess of Sheep," "The Thought of You," "Sympathy," and "Elusive Happiness" will linger long in the memory. If we mistake not, musical composers will find here a veritable mine of suggestions—and indeed many of these songs have already received a musical setting. The attentive reader will easily recall such unforgettable lines as—

"Like violets in an unexpected place."

"And why should life the future dread?
Love now hath immortality?"

"A blessedness that far outweighs
The unforgotten pain,"

and there are many others equally quotable. The poems of a religious cast are characterized by a gravity and beauty of expression well befitting the solemn nature of their theme. But enough. The door is open. Let those who will, enter in.

JAMES B. KENYON.

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A GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE

"The heart is a garden; remembrance is its sweetest flower."

*These songs keep whispering in my ear,
From every bird and rill and tree,
Of memories so sweet and dear,
I needs must strive, with smile and tear,
To tempt them to captivity.*

*Bound into verse, they are the fee
Most willingly my glad heart pays
Unto the boatman, Memory,
Who ferries me o'er time to thee,
The inspiration of my lays.*

PROEM

*A SINGER sitting in the sun
Found that the gift of love outweighs
All others when the day is done,
And is the only joy that stays.*

*Because his soul's affections stir,
To him the rose but typified
The charm and loveliness of her
Whose beauty blessed and satisfied.*

*He knew love's tender touch and "Hail,"
That turn earth's mournful sigh to smile;
He saw the vision of the Grail,
And so he sang of love, the while.*

*He felt that in the ordered round
Of Nature, life is incomplete,
If soul is by no Future crowned,
And so this hope his songs repeat.*

*He strove on chords of tenderness
To play, if haply he who hears
May find a quiet happiness
That banishes regret and tears.*

*Though in the structure of his lays
There be no minaret nor spire,
Within, the incense and the praise
May quicken all the soul's desire.*

A 'GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE'

THE THOUGHT OF YOU

I THOUGHT of you;
What wireless voices of the air
Insistent beat upon my ear,
Till, somehow, I am made aware
Of you, and know that you are near,
Because I thought of you.

I think of you;
And the sweet thought a fragrance lends
To every place where I may be;
So sweet—I know that it portends
That you are thinking, too, of me,
The while I think of you.

I think of you;
And I forget life's sordid whirl,
The thwarted hope, the baffled aim,
In the enjoyment of that Pearl
Beyond the price of wealth and fame,
I have received from you.

The thought of you—
Fond memories and hopes it blends;
From sore dejection keeps me free;
It for your absence makes amends
To know that you still think of me,
And wake my thought of you.

My thought of you—
Even love not more of joy reveals
Unto my heart; and is love aught
But what the heart perceives and feels,
And then makes captive to the thought—
As mine enfoldeth you?

A TRYST WITH SPRING

THERE is magic in the sunshine,
There's a spell in every breeze;
There's a call in leaf and blossom
For a tryst with flowers and trees,
And a witchery of fragrance
Breathes enchantment on the air.
Is the lure, the flowers and fragrance?
Or, the hope to find you there?

BETWEEN MY THOUGHT AND THEE

THE past hath boasted of its wonders seven;
The present hath its marvels yet more fair,
Of wireless bridges of the sentient air,
Of foaming torrents spanned and mountains riven;

But I have reared a structure, rarer even,
That reaches to the skies—an ethereal stair,
Whose deep foundations rest upon my care—
The bridge between my thought and thee and Heaven.

Vain boast, that I this marvel have achieved;
Such graceful shafts of beauty I ne'er planned,
Such arches, with their golden pillars, sheaved
Of sunshine, and with loveliness o'er-spanned,
And towers of blessedness—I ne'er conceived;
Nay, nay! I builded not, it was thy hand.

BETWEEN THESE LEAVES

BETWEEN these leaves a fruitage grows,
Which in perpetual sunshine glows;
It cheers the heart, dries tear-filled eyes,
And with a breath of Paradise
Scents every breeze that through them blows.

Besides this harvest which bestows
On all refreshment and repose,
For you, another hidden lies
Between these leaves:—

Friendship, untouched by winter snows;
Ripened affection that outgrows
This earthly clime, and death defies;
And memories—these but comprise
A tithe of what my thoughts enclose
Between these leaves.

WHEN LOVE AND I WENT MAYING

WHEN Love and I went maying, all ablaze
With beauty were the woods, and blooming sprays
Dropped showers of petaled sweetness on the air.
I never knew the world could be so fair,
Or that the May could pipe such tuneful lays.

And heart and soul were lost in such a maze
Of happiness, that evening's purple haze
Stole down on that fair day, all unaware,
When Love and I went maying.

I said to Love, "Let us not part; our ways
Are one." Love looked at me with wistful gaze,
And answered, "Where thou farest I will fare."
And Love has kept through life that promised care;
But memory treasures still those perfumed days,
When Love and I went maying.

THE FIRST KISS

IS touch of lips all of a kiss?
It is a touch of hearts, a thought
Of heaven, a golden woof of bliss
Into life's homely warp enwrought.
Thereafter, life is never quite the same;
That thread of gold embroiders it with flame.

THE WHOLE OF LIFE

TO some a little thing love seems;
To me it is the whole of life's pursuit,
The only inspiration of my lute;
Love opens vistas of delights,
Leads me to unimagined heights
Of happiness, and vouchsafes gleams
That lift my thoughts to lovelier dreams;
It brings new ravishment
From ever fresh displays of charm and grace,
Like the enticing scent
Of violets in an unexpected place.

THE FULLNESS OF DAYS

NO longer uneventful are my days;
So full are they of pageants of the past,
So crowded with sweet thoughts that tune my lays,
So redolent of a remembered rose
That blossomed in youth's garden—and still blows—
Each day seems more transcendent than the
last.

DREAMS

GENTLE shepherdess of dreams,
From the vales of singing streams,
From the mountains of delight,
Gather in my heart to-night
All the scattered flocks of bliss,
Folded in love's fostering kiss!
Pastured thus in memory,
Why should I seek Arcady?

Let me send, sweet friend, to you
Garlanded with violets blue,
These dear waifs—if haply they
In your memory may stay.
As they crowd about your feet,
Heed your footsteps, I entreat,
And step lightly, as beseems,
Lest you tread upon love's dreams.

REMEMBRANCE

IS there in your "heart's garden"
Remembrance of a rose
That still persists in blooming,
Despite of winter snows?

MY FIRST SWEETHEART

YEARS cannot dull the thoughts I hold
Of days when at her side was heaven;
But she was only twelve years old,
And I—I was not yet eleven.

Though sunset's sheen is in her hair,
The dew of morning yet remains;
And still, of time all unaware,
Her heart the bloom of youth retains.

Her hands still keep their 'customed zeal—
Such kindly hands that never knew,
So stirred with their desire to heal,
That aught were easier to do.

Yet with the change, I only see
That little girl of long ago,
Feel her responsive lips—ah me!
Can age the bliss of youth outgrow!

LARGESSE

WHY is it thoughts of her take wing
In every place?
That in my heart the birds all sing?
That lovely objects ever bring
To me her face,
To which new charms and beauty cling
With added grace?

And when I seek love's blessedness
To realize,
'Tis not that I her heart possess,
It is in my own love's largesse
The great joy lies—
That I myself may love and bless,
And kiss her eyes.

THE WILDERNESS WERE PARADISE ENOW

THE nightingale all through the night
Responsive sings with silver throat,
But how can I sweet songs indite,
Without an answering note?

Sometimes I dream the bird has flown,
So deep and lone the silence reigns;
Yet, how can I e'er be alone,
When memory remains?

—*Set to music by Lisa Lehman.*

THE SONG WITHOUT WORDS

LURED by conspiring skies and breeze,
We strolled beneath remembered trees,
To take our last farewell.
The witching stillness of the wood
Made even silence understood,
So much we dared not tell;

For now the time had come to part,
And that we both possessed a heart
Alas! we had forgot.
We looked into each other's eyes,
And both saw there the Paradise
Forbidden to our lot.

Yet heart clasped heart and lip met lip,
In seal of soul's companionship,
Forgetting 'twas farewell.
Then coming from I know not where
A song filled all the summer air,
And bound me in its spell.

Was it a bird that sang that song,
Which in my memory has dwelt long,
And which still satisfies?
Was it a bird, or my own heart?
For now it seems no more a part
Of wood, or breeze, or skies.

Though years have sped, and fate ordains
We ne'er shall meet, that tryst remains
 A fadeless immortelle;
And ever in my heart that song
Sings on, hope's promise to prolong,
 Regardless of farewell.

FROM A ROSEBUD

WHO from a rosebud can bring forth a rose?
Yet cometh one with a song and a smile,
And in its bosom an ecstasy glows,
Thrilling its heart till its petals uncloze,
And with its fragrance love-longings beguile.

Only a smile and a song! But wherein
Lies the great secret—the key to this power?
Deeper than life must its birth-throes begin;
Soul must meet soul where the nebulae spin;
Hearts must be one, to engender love's flower.

ASTRAY

A KISS is but a fleeting thing—
A singing bird upon the wing;
And yet, remembered through the years,
Remembered with both joy—and tears.

'Tis like the Alpine gentian flower;
Though seeming born but for an hour,
Its roots reach to the Tyrol's heart,
And take of its immortal part.

Affection loses half its bliss,
If not companioned with a kiss;
And life is lonely, if bereft
Of the sweet guerdon love has left.

The kisses that keep flowers abloom
In life's deserted, empty room,
Too rarely to the heart come nigh
For one to lightly pass them by.

And in each heart there is a grave,
Where bended knees forever crave
Some alms of memory, to repay
For one lost kiss—that went astray.

But if it be one singing bird
Across the distance still is heard,
What wraith of hopelessness can rise
To cloud the path to Paradise?

A MEMORY OF ITALY

IN the still depths of her clear eyes
I see Tyrolean lakes of blue,
And know not whether 'tis the hue,
Reflected from Italian skies,
Or from her heart's deep tenderness.

I see again cathedral heights
New tinted with a glowing sheen,
And know not whether 'tis a scene
Remembered, or the newer lights
Of a transfigured happiness.

SYMPATHY

SIMPLY a touch of the hand,
One little word;
Sunshine spread over the land;
Then sang a bird.

Sunshine may give place to rain,
Hope be deferred;
But through the loss and the pain,
Still sings the bird.

—Set to music by *Liza Lehman*.

THE POET SINGS

THE poet sings—perchance of woods and streams,
And the poor prisoner, bound in city walls,
Forgets the bondage of his lot, and dreams
He hears again the far-off forest-calls,
The lullaby of brooks and waterfalls,
And sees Heaven's stair in sunlight's slanting beams.

The poet sings—and quickened memory
Rewakes the harmonies of past delights:—
Affection's half-forgotten melody,
The wistful, wooing lay that love indites,
The singing silence in the star-lit nights—
More musical than any mistrely.

The poet sings—and even listless ears
Hear mingled melodies unheard till now:—
The harmony of the revolving spheres,
The onward rush of life's adventurous prow,
The benediction of the bending bough,
The growing bond which all mankind endears.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

ENTANGLED in these simple, singing chimes
Lingers a memory of olden times,
Lost for a while, but later found again;
Enshrined within my mind and heart, my pen
Needs but her name to beautify the rhymes.

REVISITED

AS I retread the lane that stands
Between my youth and Arcady,
Even the grass waves welcome hands,
And all the wild flowers nod to me.

Again the birds tell where is hid
A little nest beneath the eaves,
And croon of nestlings, cradled mid
The woven softness of its leaves.

"The Pines" breathe low a boyhood air;
"The Mall" brings back a lover's tryst;
This gate recalls where golden hair,
Entangled in my heart, was kissed.

Each step with memories is rife,
As I retread youth's dear domain;
What more is there to ask of life,
When I go down this Lover's Lane?

The absent ones, they are not dead;
Unseen they come to welcome me;
And why should life the future dread?
Love now hath immortality.

THE FLOWERS OF JUNE

I

THESE flowers of June
The gates of memory unbar;
These flowers of June
Such old-time harmonies retune,
I fain would keep the gates ajar,
So full of sweet enchantment are
These flowers of June.

II

Was it the bloom of the laurel sprays,
That wakened remembrance of singing birds?
Or, was it the charm of remembered words,
That set my heart singing through somber days?
I longed for the summer-time, flower and tree;
And lo! the summer-time came with thee.
The bloom is no more, but the charm still stays.

WHENCE IS THIS FRAGRANCE?

WHENCE is this fragrance, my senses delighting?
Is it the roses, affection brings me—
Troth of the passionate Springtime replighting?
Nay; 'tis my Thought—from thinking of thee.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

O LOVE, teach me the prayer that Nature prays,
While lowly kneeling,
I seek celestial paths to truth and ways
Of heavenly healing!

*Light Thou the lamp of love within my heart,
And keep it burning!*
Not love of me, be made the greater part
Of love's returning,

But mine, that holdeth all humanity
In its enfolding;
That giveth all, in lavish charity,
And nought withholding.

The bees, the flowers, the grass touch heart and lip
In constant wooing.
And all earth's creatures seek companionship,
Life's end pursuing.

But these are loves—not Love; so great a thing
Is love eternal,
Thought may not reach with utmost stretch of wing
Its heights supernal;

The stars are but the dust beneath Love's feet,
Yet this immortal
Can be held close between two hearts that meet
Within life's portal,

And be enmeshed in the enfolding net
Of earth's existence;
Within the mother's arms its joy is set
With sweet persistence;

Friends clasp its hand, and wedded lives have part
In its caresses;
Great minds, deep natures and the pure in heart
Find its recesses.

The soul finds in this love a heavenly tie,
Ever believing
The intimations of the things that lie
Beyond perceiving—

Not seen, but known; of things not held, but felt;
Of things not measured
In certainty, but in rich promise dealt,
And in hope treasured.

Love breathes eternity, and the soul knows
By intuition,
Love immortality on life bestows
For its fruition.

L'ENVOI

To me there comes today assurance clear,
Without restriction,
That love finds its fruition even here—
And benediction;

How can I of Love's bounty be bereft,
Or lose its blessing,
When you a pearl of memory have left
For my possessing?

May love's clear flame be lighted in your heart
For life's sojourning!
And would that I had some small grace and art
To keep it burning!

THERE ISN'T ANY ONE TO PLAY
WITH ANY MORE

(The Last Words of Mark Twain)

THE glow is fading from the western sky,
And one by one my comrades, as of yore,
Have given up their play, and said, good-bye;
There isn't any one to play with any more!

Don't cry, dear heart! for I am worn and old;
No longer have I gifts within my store;
E'en love's best gifts to me, I could not hold;
There isn't any one to play with any more!

I miss the tender hand-clasp of old friends,
The kisses of the loved ones gone before;
'Tis lonely, when the heart first comprehends
There isn't any one to play with any more!

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE

ONLY a little while
May we together stay,
For onward both must fare
Upon the way.

Only a little while
Can we our cheer prolong—
Your tender, helpful touch,
My simple song!

And when the day is done,
And ashes quench the fire,
We each will say, farewell,
And slay desire.

We go our separate ways;
But how can we forget,
As the slow years go by,
That we have met!

For one, 'twill ever be
A golden episode—
An oasis of rest,
Upon the road.

And you?—how will it be
With you? Can you forget?
Will it, too, be a loss
And a regret?

THREE ANGELS

WHEN all the world was fair and life was new,
Three angels came to me, who brought the clue
To heaven. One was love—by birth, divine;
One, hope—light of the way, and one was—you.

Love brought to earth the music of the spheres;
Hope bade the heart to listen through its tears;
And you—you were the sweet interpreter
Of Heaven's strains to earth's untutored ears.

First you took flight. Earth had no witchery
To tempt delight, or win affection's plea;
Then hope lost heart, and with despairing tears
Departed, leaving only—love and me.

But love has stayed with me the long way through;
And, disappointment's burden to undo,
Has brought me new and not less dear delights—
The deathless memories of hope—and you.

HOPE DEFERRED

EMPTY of happiness life slips away,
Leaving deferred the hope I most esteem.
Let not the winter sunset of my day
Enfold me,—with love's promise gone astray,
Nor fail of the fulfilment of my dream!

THE UNFORGOTTEN PAIN

LOVE thy flower I have pressed
Against my heart all torn;
But while it fondly was caressed,
It pierced me with its thorn.

That wound has left my heart forlorn,
For ere I knew it pained,
The flower faded with the morn,
And only pain remained.

My flower gathering is o'er;
The autumn sunset wanes;
The flowers I gathered are no more—
Only the pain remains.

And yet the flower's fragrance stays;
Its memories remain
A blessedness, that far outweighs
The unforgotten pain.

WITH LOVE FORGOT

OF all accomplishment dismembered
Is life, with love forgot—
When I, alas! am unremembered,
And I remember not.

MEMORIES OF CORTINA

I

MEMORIES of Alpine heights,
Argosies of wine and myrrh,
Rarest of all rare delights
Gather round the thought of her.
Aromas of the hills and vines
Rival her footsteps to proclaim;
Even in these simple lines
Trails the fragrance of her name.

II

My friend, I wonder if this Autumn rose
About your path its pristine fragrance throws?
Recalls a mingled scent of rose and rhyme,
Garnered from memories of a summer-time?
And e'en though fate may cast it in the mire,
Reft of its trellis it will still aspire;
E'en though it be tossed under heedless feet,
To him who sends it 'twill be ever sweet.

III

Must I blot out that golden gleam
Athwart the pathway of delight;
Return to silence and the night;
Give up that new-found Pearl, beyond
All price, because my over-fond
Restrainless hopes insistent dream—
E'en as the lilies in the bud
Try their sweet promise to redeem?

THANKSGIVING

WITHIN our hearts what happy memories well
To-day, and a new thankfulness compel!
The bygone years return with only their
Remembered tenderness, and, unaware
Of age and change, the old-time love retell.

But while we feast, we cannot quite dispel
Regret for lost ones whom we loved so well.
Yet why thus grieve? There is no vacant chair
Within our hearts.

Ah! friends, does not this constant love foretell
A future greeting, for each last farewell?
Even to-day we tread the Heavenly stair,
And now their immortality we share,
If our beloved ones thus ever dwell
Within our hearts.

NOT FOR ONE ONLY

NOT for One only—although she be dearest;
Not for the loved ones, affection has gained;
But for all hearts, who have seen the Rose-vision,
E'en though the Rose may be still unattained.

For the forgotten whose love dream is over;
Those, who still water dead flow'rs in love's room;
For those glad lovers whose hopes are accomplished;
For all who love—are these rose-thoughts in bloom.

More than my thought are these verses enfolding;
Others will find, that for them they contain
Memories sweet, that their own love is holding—
Holding in trust until hearts meet again.

L'ENVOI

I KNOW the garment of my praise
Is neither beautiful nor new;
'Tis made for warmth on wintry days;
Still it may charm in other ways,
For you will find, if hem you raise,
The broidery of my thought of you.

As greeting for life's festal days,
I send these gathered thoughts, in lieu
Of fading flowers or costly vase,
To be, perchance, a song of praise—
A blessedness which with me stays,
If I the joy may share with you.

IN SA'DI'S ROSE GARDEN

***T**O hold fast memory, trust not fleeting flowers
To deck your wassail bowls and lover's bowers!
These earth-born blossoms wither all too soon;
A rose blooms only for a few short hours.*

*But here, a book of roses has been made,
In which the perfumes of the past are laid.
When flowers wither then remembrance flies,
But roses from this book will never fade.*

—Paraphrased from the
Preface of Sa'di's *Guilistan*."

IN SA'DI'S ROSE GARDEN

I

DOETH FRAGRANCE VANISH WITH THE ROSE?

O HAPLESS Vase! And how doth it befall
Thy cast-out fragments so much scent enclose?
*This sweetness is not of myself at all,
But once, O Sa'di, once I held a rose.*

Blest lot! With me a sweetness also stays;
It scents the chamber of my dreams, and strows
With happy, perfumed memories my days;
Keeps life abloom. I, too, once held a Rose.

How could these idle songs of mine perfume
Another's empty vase; or tune life's prose
To poetry—keep memory abloom
With joy, unless I once had held a rose?

II

A BREATH OF HEALING

WHENCE comes this draught of healing for the soul
With all the mystery of hope, the toll
Of joy, and promise of such peace and rest,
That makes life's broken chalice once more whole?

Is it a breeze of lily-scented May
From verdant plains; or memories of Cathay
That with the caravans of attar come?
It is her bosom's fragrant breath astray?

III

EACH MORN A THOUSAND ROSES BRINGS

SHE is so sweet,
The clover-blossoms eager stand
To kiss her feet;
While I, who may not kiss her hand,
Bless all the wild flowers in the land.

She is so fair,
The wanton breeze vies with the bee
To kiss her hair;
And all the froward world seems free
To take what she denies to me.

IV
A GARDEN WRAITH

SWEET presence, that so charms my soul,
Must thou forever be unviewed?
Must thou my longing ne'er console—
My seeking arms always elude?

Art thou a disembodied joy?
Love's lost delight now sought in vain?
A memory, time cannot cloy,
Of passion's ecstasy—and pain?

*No, Sa'di; but I can atone
For life's arrears; my breath bestows
A gift, to all but thee unknown;
I am the Fragrance of a Rose.*

V
UNFULFILLED DESIRE

A ROSE; Life hath unnumbered roses strown
Across my path; and they were all so fair,
I did not note if one, perchance, had thrown
Its branches round my heart—and still clings there.

But once I found in far off Khorassan
Earth's perfect bloom—an exquisite, white rose;
It blossomed high above the reach of man,
Peerless and pure as its own mountain snows.

Afar I watched its growth and grace sublime,
Its ever-new surprises of delight—
Ah, Allah! if I could but upward climb
Unto the rare perfection of that height!

*Still strive, O Sa'di! To the unattained
Thy poet soul forever must aspire;
My virgin bloom to thee were naught, if gained;
I am the Rose of unfulfilled desire.*

VI .

THY PERFUMED HEART

O ROSE of my desire, through all my days
The beauty of thy fragrant perfectness
Will yearnings of the heart and soul upraise,
And all the energies of mind impress.

And if life's ministry may not suffice
To gain what I have sought with utmost breath,
Life even will I give to pay the price,
And on glad wings will seek thee—after death.

For what is death? Only life's battle fought;
A folding of the hands from care's release;
A gathering mist o'erclouding sight and thought;
Then Allah's greeting voice, *With thee be peace!*

An interval of blissful, dreamless rest;
And then a song voiced by the starry choir
That wakens to new life; then thy white breast
And perfumed heart, O Rose of my desire!

VII

SEND ME A ROSE

SEND me a rose—imprinting
A kiss of your content;
What if its blush is hinting,
The rose holds more than scent?—

A rose of your own tending
That grafts your gentleness
Upon its beauty, blending
Its grace with your caress.

May not one rosebud growing
Within your garden close,
Be trusted with the knowing
Your kiss hides in the rose?

VIII

A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

IS it a rose,
Or but a phantom of delight
That only blows
Upon imagination's height?

Or a love-spell?
Blent with the perfume of her heart,
I cannot tell
Its fragrance and her love apart.

Within its bloom
So much of joy it holds for me,
There is but room
In it for love and me—and thee.

IX
NOT BY BREAD ALONE

IF thou of fortune be bereft,
And thou dost find but two loaves left
To thee—sell one, and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

But not alone does beauty bide
Where bloom and tint and fragrance hide;
The minstrel's melody may feed
Perhaps a more insistent need.

But even beauty, howe'er blent
To ear or eye, fails to content;
Only the heart, with love afire,
Can satisfy the soul's desire.

X

THE WORTH OF A FRIEND

TEACH me, Belovèd, how to make
My life as beautiful as thine;
Like thee, to live for others' sake,
And share with all my oil and wine!

Teach me, in lavish alms, like thee
The harvest of my heart to spend!
*Nay! nay! No virtue is in me—
My inspiration is a Friend.*

*Love taught that giving is to pray;
That bounteous gifts increase one's store;
And Hyacinths, if given away,
But feed the famished soul the more.*

XI

A GIFT OF FLOWERS

WILT thou befriend these flowers I send—
A tribute all too slender
For what thy thought to me hath brought
Out of its lavish splendor?

They're meant to grace an empty vase,
And bear a fragrance tender;
If lost, the scent, take the intent,
With greetings of the sender.

ELUSIVE HAPPINESS

THIS faint aroma of the Box,
Eluding all attempt to find
Wherein it lies—

Is it love's spirit, memory locks
In haunted chambers of the mind,
When friendship dies?

Or, is it the divine caress
Love promises—but ne'er bestows—
Which still invites?

The phantom of a happiness
That vanished with the earliest rose—
But yet delights?

Is it the song of last year's bird?
The ghost of the unspoken word
Love ventured not,
When love looked back, then went his way?
The unvoiced word love meant to say—
And then forgot?

THE BIRTH OF AFFECTION

WAS it a dream,
Or, but a wakened singing bird?
Why did it seem
So like reality? It stirred
My soul with its delicious strain
To joy supreme—
Then fled to its retreat again.

Was it a sigh,
That from an overburdened heart
Came wandering by?
To give it shelter every art
I tried, if I, perchance, its quest
Might satisfy.
But what have I for such a guest?

Was it a smile?
'Twas tenderness and sweetness blent,
Which all the while
Like summer sunshine, came and went.
Ah! can I e'er obtain the grace,
That may beguile
Such sweetness from its hiding-place?

Was it a hope?
It was a glimmer in the night,
Wherein I grope,
Which I would woo to brighter light
Of comradeship. Could I but stand
Within its scope,
I then might find the Promised Land.

What was it, dear?
A dream?—a hope?—a smile?—a sigh?
It was sincere
And fond affection's wistful cry;
The warmth of friendship's genial fire
And gentle cheer;—
The blossoming of heart's desire.

SHE GAVE ME A ROSE

SHE gave me a rose
When I asked for a kiss;
Am I to suppose
She gave me a rose,
Her heart to disclose,
Or my suit to dismiss?
Yet she gave me a rose,
When I asked for a kiss.

PROPOSAL

ABIDE with me, O gentle guest!
Thy presence brings to me sweet rest;
Thy hands bring soothing to my brow;
Thy words such sympathy avow,
Thy going leaves me all unblest.

Still fairer shall thy bower be dressed;
Anticipated each request;
One song thy life shall be, if thou
Abide with me.

I would not longer have thee guest;
I cannot hold thee uncaressed
So near my heart. Sweet love, be thou
My bride; Love's tenderest name allow,
And ever in his happy nest
Abide with me.

—*Set to music by Ethelbert Nevin.*

A SUPPLIANT

HER face sometimes in deep regret
Is sad, I know;

Here eyes sometimes with tears are wet—
Like a dew-laden violet—

And overflow;
Her heart sometimes I grieve—and yet
I love her so.

A suppliant, I tell my beads,
With tears and sighs,
Till her compassion intercedes
With love, to pardon thoughtless deeds.

My one joy flies
If she my love no longer needs,
And her love—dies.

And at her feet on bended knees
In tears I pray,
“Come back, come back! Your own heart sees
That life hath nought for me but leas
With you away.
I want that little flower, Hearts-ease,
To keep for aye.”

IN SPRING'S DISGUISE

SHE came youth-bosomed, cherry-cheeked with
sunshine,
And all the flowers came forth to kiss her feet;
The bees retuned their humming to her singing,
And all the birds her song strove to repeat.

She came, attired in apple-bloom and fragrance—
God's promise diademed upon her brow.
Men saw her radiant youth, and called her, Springtime;
But Sweetheart, only I knew it was—thou.

YET SHE HEARS NOT

MY Love! I call her through the empty woods,
Adown the winds; and all my votive lays
Reiterate her name in various moods;
Yet she hears not, but keeps accustomed ways.

THE CLUE

WHEN my spirits droop low and life's strivings
seem vain,
It is you, who revives and uplifts them again;
And the thread unto which I hold fast as the clue
To lead back from this maze of dejection—is you.

MY FRIEND

My gentle Friend:

I call her "Friend"; what other name
A nearer fellowship can claim?
A lover's ardor might confer
A tenderer name awhile on her;
A husband's pride for brief space might
In some sweet, household name delight;
But I—I call her simply "Friend"—
The name in which all others blend.

What doth she send?

She sends approving words of cheer;
To all my grief lends listening ear;
And burdens which she cannot share,
With gentle counsel helps me bear.

Whate'er our will,

It lies not always in our power
To light another's darkest hour;
But to relieve and heal, while he
Endures alone his agony—
This is true friendship's gift benign,
And is above all gifts divine.
This gift she is to me—a rest,
A joy, that ever makes me blest,
And more blest still.

And what have I to give my friend,
Worth half the blessings that attend
Her constant ministry? Can I
A single need of hers supply.

With my poor flowers?
I only know, when I would bless,
I must all loving words repress,
Count every eager impulse vain;
What gifts can my poor hands contain,

For her dark hours?
I may but hold her till the end
In that sweet, faithful word, "My Friend."

COMARADERIE

I

NOT frequent speech, nor even length of years
Is it, on which a comradeship depends—
Nor ties of blood, A smile oft'times endears;
A pressure of the hand—and we are friends.

II

A friend is the gift that one gives to one's self—
Too valued to be the gift of another;
But far above wisdom or beauty or pelf
Is a comrade—the gift that we give to each other.

SONG

COULD I but hide me in a rose,
And, pillowed on her gentle breast,
Against her maiden heart repose,
And be unconsciously caressed!

Could I but hide me in a rose,
That I might in her bosom lie!
I would such gentleness disclose
As would its tenderness outvie.

Could I but hide me in a rose,
That I might breathe about her heart
The blithe contentment love bestows—
Its joy and me she could not part!

Could I but hide me in a rose,
I would such blissful fragrance breathe,
Her heart would waken, and, who knows?
I might her bridal garland wreath!

THE JOY OF LOVING

IS it so wonderful
That from the round of daily strife,
I rest awhile, and flowers cull
To feed my hungry soul and life?
The joy of a sweet memory
Is not so great a mystery.

But why should ever I complain,
If in my love she hath no part?
Sufficient unto me the gain,
That she lives ever in my heart.
The thought of her my soul inspires—
A ministry that never tires.

Today the Springtime wakes again
The flowers from winter's trance of snow;
The wine of youth is in each vein,
Love's rose, close to my heart. What though
She may no thought on me confer?
I still have left my love for her.

BEAUTY

SAID the rose unto the reed—
"Thou art but a worthless weed;
Why should'st thou to fame aspire,
Who art sprung but from the mire?"

"Royal is my line and state;
Honored most at feast and fête;
In every lover's heart a guest;
Chosen for my lady's breast;

"Through all ages bards have sung—
In all lands, in every tongue—
Of my loveliness and grace,
Granting me the honored place.

"Why thus hold thy head so high?
Thinkest thou with me to vie?
Graceless offspring of the fen,
Of what use art thou to men?"

Said the reed:—"Though graceless, thin,
Man's chief helper I have been;
Guide to life and beauty—when
I, from reed, became a pen.

"Wisdom could not learn, except
By the records I have kept;
E'en the poet's songs were naught,
Till by me on tablets wrought;

· "Need of me there was, to frame
Even thy pretentious claim.

Man owes all of his fair dower
To the magic of my power."

Said the poet:—"Nay; the reed
Ne'er conceived the pen. Indeed,
Soul did not man's need disclose,
Till he thought about a rose.

"To detain that vision, then
From the reed he shaped a pen;
But the prompting thought man owes
To the beauty of the rose.

"But though beauty, more than skill,
Wakes achievements of the will,
Songs that seek the heart to win
Come but from the soul within."

LOVE'S RECOMPENSE

WHILE through the years my songs were wrought
From memories of love's tryst and tourney,
To what a garden love hath brought
My feet at last to end life's journey!

In this fair garden of delight
The roses of a lifetime bloom;
And whether they be red or white,
Each breathes its own distinct perfume.

One holds the scent of love first born;
One hath the fragrance of a kiss,
And one was on her bosom worn,
And hath partaken of its bliss.

One is that exquisite, white rose
That opes on fancy's chastened heights—
A bloom of June mid mountain snows—
Which most of all the soul delights.

Its charms of beauty, grace and scent,
Such wealth and blessedness enclose,
What garden could my soul content,
That did not hold this ideal rose?

L'ENVOI

*Dear Friend, though seen by other eyes,
Your heart must read through all disguise
What hidden meaning underlies
This fragrant greeting.*

*For you these humble flowers grow;
To you their sweet-breathed greetings go—
The message you already know
Once more repeating.*

*As summer's heat unfolds the rose,
So will the heart's warm glow unclothe
That tender flower, that only blows
From love's entreating;*

*And, haply, as your footsteps wend
These rose-twined paths, they will portend
That you shall find your "journeys end
In lovers meeting."*

IN ARCADY

***T**O Arcady hast never been?
Then let me give the mystic key—
The password that shall take thee in
To Arcady.*

*Love—love that worketh charity;
That holdeth all mankind as kin;
That beareth human sympathy.*

*Love is the only door therein;
And love, the "open sesame,"
Whereby thou may'st an entrance win
To Arcady.*

—Set to music by Ethelbert Nevin.

IN ARCADY

POETRY

CAN any one suppose
The grafting of a rhyme
Upon the end of prose,
Makes feeble thoughts sublime?
As well with scent propose
To make a weed—a rose!

If one a fragrant rose
Into the verse entwine,
It is no longer prose;
Even the simplest line
Becomes a singing bird,
With notes before unheard.

A poem is a dream,
Made real to him who hears;
It is a captured gleam
From the unseen, that cheers,
And puts the halo's grace
Around the commonplace—

A glimpse of loveliness;
A rapture that entreats,
Though words but half express
What the mind's eye completes,
While a sweet music sings
From subtly cadenced strings.

A poem is the song
All human hearts translate—
And ne'er translate it wrong,
Though inarticulate;
And this is its high art—
It lingers in the heart.

THE TRANSFORMATION

MY heart was but a voiceless reed
That nodded by a drowsy stream,
Till thou didst fill it with thy breath—
Thy breath that waked it from its dream.

And now it hath become a flute,
That pipes how blest my life hath been—
More blest because accompanied
By music thou hast breathed therein.

SOMEBODY

SOMEBODY keeps all my garden abloom,
Bringing me treasures, both old and new;
Somebody's pathway leaves a perfume,
Which, when I follow it, leads me to you.

Somebody sent me a beautiful rose
Grown in the garden of her good will,
But I am doubting if somebody knows
Half of the need that her good wishes fill.

THE BLUE BIRD

Maeterlinck's Bird of Happiness

THE bird housed in my heart, what need
Has he of more to satisfy—
With pinions from all bondage freed,
And the illimitable sky?

The edge of his far-reaching wings
Revives my life with gentle beat,
Heals with its soothing touch, and brings
New strength unto my failing feet.*

The bird's own self is in my song;
And even the song is sweeter still
When my own thought and feeling long
The need of sympathy to fill.

When love took flight, then fled the bird;
But to the fugitive I cry,
"Hast thou for me no lyric word
That need and longing to supply?"

I ask in turn the nomad cloud,
The wandering wind, the homeless sea;
Through woodland wastes I cry aloud,
"O bird, hast thou forsaken me?"

How can one ask a song from me,
Who am but the poor instrument?
Ask it of Love, for only he
The poet is, and can content.

* The eagle revives his sick mate by brushing her with the tips of his wings.

The bird flown from my heart, what need
Had he of more to satisfy—
With pinions from all bondage freed,
And the illimitable sky?

THE BLUE BIRD'S RETURN

O BLUE Bird, O wild bird,
Where is thy place of nesting?
I hear thy song,
The way along—
But vain has been my questing.

O Blue Bird, O blithe bird,
I've found thy place of nesting;
For when I sing
Thy song, I bring
And end to heart's unresting.

O Blue Bird, O dream bird,
My heart's thy place of nesting;
For in heart's rest
Is found thy nest,
However vain life's questing.

THOU SHALT CALL, AND I WILL ANSWER

Jeremiah XXXIII. 3.

THUS said the Lord:—"As sentinel,
I stand to guard Love's citadel;
When Evil's stealthy steps creep near
That overwhelm thy heart with fear,
And thou for help shalt call on me,
Then surely I will answer thee."

O Friend, who standest on the height,
All panoplied in aureate light,
To guard the way to love and truth
Against the world's assault and ruth;
When lurking foes my post assail
And all my strength and courage fail
Before those ambushed doubts and fears
That sap the faith and trust of years;
When from my solitude I call
For words of cheer to lift the pall,
O thou, whose strength is tenderness,
And whose commission is to bless—
Wilt thou not answer, and dispel
That fearsome dread with, "All is well?"

COMPLAINT TO SPRING

O SPRING, why lingerest thou so long,
When all the birds should homeward wing
Their way with hymeneal song,
Thou laggard Spring?

And what delayeth thee so long?
Have birds forgotten to take wing,
And thou art tethered to their song,
Forgetful Spring?

Is it the snow of mountain heights
About the sleeping valley clings,
And every peeping flower affrights—
That numbs thy wings?

The little song-bird is a-cold;
How can joy fill the notes he sings
Without some sunshine to unfold
His heart—and wings?

Cannot one timid flower grow,
In spite of frost and cold, to bring—
Like the arbutus through the snow—
Promise of Spring?

And yet, there is one blissful song,
A never-ending song of Spring—
And birds of memory prolong
Its ministering.

It is the sweetest song on earth,
Which plays upon life's tenderest string—
The song, remembering the birth
Of love's sweet spring.

SPRING'S RETURN

SWEET Spring, thy bloom bedims the snow;
Thy fragrant breath is heaven inspired;
Even Solomon was never so
In beauty tired.

Thou must have heard my wistful cry
Through earth's remotest corners ring,
That thou could'st even time outfly
With thy fleet wing.

With telepathic flash and speed,
Before my song had ceased to sing
In even my own ears, the need
Was filled, dear Spring.

* * * * *

Ah! Friend, while all greet Spring's return,
'Tis I am most delighted, now
Through all disguises I discern
That it is thou.

In thy fresh bloom and radiance,
Thou bringest me a new content,
For there is in thy winsome glance
Spring's promise blent.

ADMIRATION

Sweetest eyes were ever seen.

—CAMOENS.

“**S**WEETEST eyes were ever seen.”
Could the poet e'er devise
Rarer praise than gave Catrine,
Sweetest eyes?

And which are the sweetest eyes?
Soft and melting, lustrous, keen,
Merry—or demure and wise?

Eyes that shine with light serene,
Mirrored from love's happy skies—
Like thine own, dear, are, I ween,
Sweetest eyes.

—*Set to music by Ethelbert Nevin.*

THY FACE

*God's own smile came out;
That was thy face.*—BROWNING.

O GENTLE friend that standest near
My heart, if in my face be shown
What seems to thee, God's smile—'tis, dear,
But the reflection of thine own.

REFUSAL

TWAS said so tenderly,
"No, dear, it cannot be";
Her gentle sympathy
Half the hurt mending.
Still 'tis a grievous blow,
And it is hard to know,
After my caring so
This is the ending.

Ah, well! another flower—
Child of both sun and shower,
Earth's fairest, sweetest dower—
Mown by the Reaper;
Yet in my memory pent,
Stays that sweet flower's scent;
And all my prayers are blent
With one, "God keep her."

WHEN IT IS DAY

NOT till the sunshine of her eyes
Irradiates my heart and way;
Not till the mists of absence rise
Am I made conscious it is day.

EXILED FROM LOVE

EXILED indeed from love and joy!
No more the sunshine of her eyes
Will light the pathway of my hope
To Paradise.

What though God's angel drives me forth
From peace, and all return denies!
It is enough, that I have been
In Paradise.

What though my heart forever ache!
What though my eyes forever weep!
Her loving lips hath given me
A kiss to keep.

What exile can proscribe my thoughts,
Or banish me from memory even?
They will return, and through the bars
Look into Heaven.

WHEN LOVE IS DONE

WHEN love is done, is nature's sigh;
The Poet saith, "With dying sun
The world's light dies"; But all things die,
When love is done.

Love's skies with clouds are overrun;
The birds of trustfulness fly by;
Hope's blossoms wither one by one.

What does the world's praise signify—
Or, what its prizes e'en when won?
For me—I only wish to die,
When love is done.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

WHY mourn the soon-departing rose?
Doth not June say, *Auf Wiedersehen?*
What more enrapturing words than those
That whisper, "We shall meet again?"

PARTING

BE pitiful with thy keen sorrow,
Inexorable and dread to-morrow!
Take her in gentle arms alway;
Soothe her with thoughts of yesterday!

Hath Yesterday lost its charms
To soothe To-day in her white arms?
The sun can ne'er set, chill and gray,
Behind the hills of yesterday.

Fear not, dear friend! Close to my heart
Until the end thou ever art;
Too close to leave thee room to borrow
Such sad forebodings of the morrow.

Therefore, dear heart, trust hopefully!
Time cannot part my thought and thee;
No distance, scene, nor age can stay,
The love that overflows to-day.

And, dear, in heaven to-morrows stay
No more; not even a yesterday
Can ever come with shadowed brow
To darken that eternal Now.

CAN I FORGET?

CAN I forget the fragrance,
That perfumed all my way—
That turned the gray-haired winter
Into perpetual May?

Can I forget the soothing
Of gentle, willing hands,
That bound the wounds of failure
With pity's healing bands?

Can I forget the hand-clasp,
When friendship was begun—
The smiles and tears of passion,
The kiss, that made us one?

There may be a forgetting
Of love and hope now fled,
Of bliss and parting anguish,
Dear heart—when I am dead.

THE ECHO OF A SONG

YOU would not have me cease to sing?
Do you not still some comfort find
In these new melodies that wing
Their constant flight from heart and mind?

From somewhere echoing notes must come.
If you forbid the singing, then—
If doomed forever to be dumb,
The memory will sing again.

And you, who have so fine an ear,
Must be acquainted with that song;
Has it no more the power to cheer?
Or, have you heard the strains too long?

If I my homage must forego,
And I no more may ply my art,
The song although unvoiced, you know
Will still keep singing in my heart.

THE SNOW IS IN MY HAIR

THE snow is in my hair, the frost is in my frame,
The hopes of youth, in age can never be the same.

I would not have you suffer pain and vain regret,
Perhaps 'twere better that we both should now forget,

Though it has been a rare and wondrous episode
Upon life's wearisome and uneventful road.

But though, alas! our hands must tear themselves apart,
I still shall keep this lovely blossom of your heart,

The sweetest, dearest gift of life, to me, e'en though
To fullest bloom it may for neither of us grow.

With such delight I hold you in my heart's esteem
No minor chords can ever mar the happy dream.

'Tis only passion robs the casket of its gem,
But my pure thought stoops but to kiss your garment's
hem;

The Primrose path my faithful feet have left untrod;
That door I have kept locked, and left the key with
God;

It is to friendship all my votive lays belong,
And no regretful tears shall interrupt this song;

The memories of your ministry my life perfume,
And how can I forget you made the desert bloom?

JUNE IN CORTINA

DEAR departed June,
Thou has left this boon—
My own heart with fragrance, joy and hope is still in
tune.

Was there ever known
Rose that kept full blown
For so long, with all its grace and beauty still unflown?

Does it bring to you
Memories anew,
That still seek a resting place, and will not say, Adieu?

Why must we thus part?
Has the minstrel's art
Failed to mend the broken strings that sang within
your heart?

Is affection lost?
Can life pay the cost,
If love, like a faded rose, from the heart be tossed?

If it have not grace
To fill the empty vase,
Back on my own heart 'twill turn, for an abiding place.

ABSENCE

SWEET Friend, since you have gone away,
The stitches in life's web are dropped;
All uneventful is the day,
The music in my heart is stopped,

As humming of a summer bee
Upon a broken window pane,
When suddenly he is set free;
Then silence comes to brood again.

THE UNATTAINED

I GAVE my wingèd steed full rein,
And in imagination's skies
Found what on earth I sought in vain—
For art may give what love denies.

From life's desires the mind hath wrought
A purer and diviner flame,
Which even visualizes thought
With new delights, beyond a name.

This ideal love is what I've sought
To fill my need, and be life's guest;
Love were a dream, unless my thought
Fulfilled the promise of the quest.

TO KNOW LOVE CARETH STILL

I SENT my soul into the invisible,
Some wistful word my far-off friend to tell;
And this is what my soul brought back to me:—
To know love careth still, and all is well.

Though searching eyes thy face no longer see,
My soul is never far, sweet friend, from thee.
What though the hands be sundered? Heart to
heart,
In thought, love ever holdeth thee and me.

LOVE'S SONG SINGS EVER

IN the heart love's song sings ever,
Though the eyes are brimmed with tears;
Sings with an increasing sweetness.
Through the echoing arch of years.

And it stays, and haunts the silence,
When heart's love is laid away,
Like the singing harp-string's whisper,
When the hands have ceased to play.

—Set to music by *Liza Lehman.*
and *G. Marschal Loepke.*

ENTREATY

LOVE hath invited you and me—
A glimpse of Eden to restore—

To spend our lives in Arcady;

If Love should seek to close the door,
Why need affection wish to fly

From fate and Love's divine behest?

A willing prisoner am I

If you are a contented guest.

Love hath invited you and me,

And waits God's word to close the door;

And well provided you will be

With his abundant care and store.

And why distrust the forge and fire

That welds love's bonds inseparably?

True love brings to disrobed desire

The garments of God's purity.

MARRIAGE

I *WILL thy lot and portion share;
Will love and honor thee, and fill
The measure of thy need, whate'er
I will.*

This tender flower cherish, till
In Heaven it blooms more bright and fair—
For love in Heaven will blossom still;

And love's fair flower hath made thee heir
To a new life, beyond death's chill;
Eternity hath heard this dear,

"I will."

—Set to music by Ethelbert Nevin.

EPITHALAMIUM

NOW in very truth thou art,
Sweetheart, mine;
Mine to hold close to my heart;
Mine to have, and ever prove,
Arcady is in my love,
Sweetheart mine.

But before the nuptial door,
Sweetheart mine,
Closes on the nevermore,
That first troth I would approve—
Arcady is in thy love,
Sweetheart mine.

Folded in my happy arms,
Sweetheart mine,
Crowned with love's transcendent charms,
Thy content and rapture prove,
Arcady is mutual love,
Sweetheart mine.

—*Set to music by Ethelbert Nevin.*

PATERNITY.

A CLOUD came darkening up the west,
And as its awesome pall drew near,
It hushed the the home with vague unrest,
And filled my heart with nameless fear.

I heard a rustle as of wings,
And turning saw Death's angel fill
The room; then froze life's very springs
Within me, and my heart stood still.

The dreadful presence, in the gloom,
Bent o'er my love, smiled, and went by;
When from the stillness of the room
There faintly came—a little cry.

And lo! from heaven an angel throng,
As on that old-time Christmas morn,
Took up anew their happy song,
"For unto you a child is born."

BIRTHDAY

THE bells were told to ring in glee
The day when first thou cam'st to be
Our home's delight; and in my heart,
By love's supreme, mysterious art,
These bells have rung unceasingly.

And on this day there comes to me
Anew the tender memory
Of that deep joy, which but in part
The bells were told.

Dear child, in whose sweet eyes I see
The Heaven that waits above for me,
How far from me would Heaven depart;
How comfortless would be my heart,
If through some darkened day for thee
The bells were tolled!

MORE TO BE DESIRED THAN GOLD

—*From the Persian.*

O KING, 'tis justice that I ask of thee,
And for an equal service but demand
The same reward. Wherein excelleth he?
And yet the ring thou gavest him is made
Of purer gold than that thou gavest me.

*Nay, nay. Of equal valor, loyalty
And truth hold I ye two—first in the realm;
And I commanded that the rings should be
Of equal fineness and of equal weight.
How have I an injustice wrought on thee?*

O king! this is indeed the truth—in part;
But with the ring thou gavest him a kiss;
That kiss hath given—beyond the goldsmith's art—
An added weight and fineness to the gold,
For with that kiss, O king, there went thy heart.

CHRISTMAS

San Francisco, 1880.

THE Christmas Bells from hill and tower
To-night their benedictions shower;
And on the waves of their sweet chimes,
Fond thoughts of home and olden times
Set sail through memory's Golden Gate;
Deep laden with love's precious freight,
They speed their homeward course to-night,
Across the sea, with Ariel flight.

O you, who wait returning sails,
Whose eyes hope long deferred o'er veils
With lowering clouds, take heart again!
For lo! unseen through mist and rain
Of tears, a thousand white-winged keels,
Afloat on billowy Christmas peals,
Seek haven in your hearts to-night,
Home guided by love's beacon light.

Dear friends, though sundered far and wide,
Though varied quests our thoughts divide,
May these rich argosies of love
My tender, faithful memory prove!
May they to-night new love awake,
And in this festal season make
Your hearts forget the old farewells,
In greetings brought by Christmas Bells!

TRUE PATRIOTISM

LIFE'S Rescript simply is to climb,
Unheeding danger, toil and tire;
Failure hath no attainment of crime,
If one persistently aspire.

Kinship with God makes men desire
To hold the world in closer grip,
And through love's gentleness acquire
An altruistic fellowship.

These aspirations have attained
Ideals for which this Country stands,
For which our fathers died—now gained
And delegated to our hands.

This heritage of trust and weal
Has now become the world's great hope
For freedom from Oppression's heel,
For Aspiration's wider scope.

To this world-call, have we reply
Other than that our fathers gave?
To guard this trust, what if we die,
If dying is the way to save!

Humanity hath instant need
Of loyalty that seeks to serve,
And even though death were its meed,
From its ideal it would not swerve.

Life would have nothing worth to give,
Had men not for their duty died;
True patriots would scorn to live
If they the sacrifice denied.

O ye who love the soul's free air,
Who seek the larger hope, arise!
For truth and justice do and dare!
Who cares to live when Freedom dies?

NEW YEAR

ANOTHER flower this day I bring—
Love's unassuming offering;
Perchance it may a fragrance leave,
That will a pleasant memory weave
Through all the year now opening.

This day to you fond wishes wing;
Dear heart, may their sweet blossoming
In life's fair garden interweave
Another flower!

And may a quiet fragrance cling
To every flower the kind fates fling
About your path; ne'er cause to grieve
May your contented heart receive;
And each succeeding year still bring
Another flower!

MUSIC IN THE AIR

“**A** LAS! I cannot sing,
You sighed awhile ago;
But odors of the Spring
Nor rhyme nor rhythm know;
And perfumes of the rose
One hardly would call prose.

There is no need to be
A lark or nightingale
To turn to poesy
E'en life's habitual, "Hail";
A friendly hand and heart
Exceed the minstrel's art.

The world is all a-tune,
And all the leaves beat time,
And even winter's rune
Presages Spring-time's rhyme;
And friendship in heart-beats
Life's rhythm but repeats.

TRANSLATIONS

LA VIE

***L**A vie est vaine,
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine;
Et puis—bonjour.*

*La vie est breve,
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de reve;
Et puis—bonsoir."*

—Leon Montenaeken.

AH! life is vain;
Short is love's way,
And full of pain;
And then—good day.

How brief life seems!
And hope's delight
Ends but in dreams;
And then—good night!

SELF RELIANCE

—Victor Hugo.

THE bough bends low beneath the bird;
But he serenely swings,
By storm and swaying branch unstirred—
Knowing that he hath wings.



AFTERGLOW

L'ENVOI

MAY friendship's ministry to thee be kind,
And all life's sad remembrances efface!
Bring back the joys, reluctantly resigned
To hope! And that thou mayest their comfort find,
I wish thee thine own wish in every place!

May my poor measures also hearten thee,
And all the singing stops of joy release!
May they retune the inharmonious key,
And lend to life's completed melody
An undertone of sweet content and peace!

AFTERGLOW

***T**HE symbol does not more
Than faintly shadow the reality;
The exquisite and evanescent rose
May open wide the door
Of Beauty, but it cannot ever be
Th' Unknown alone should to the soul disclose
Itself in symbol's lore;
That life the soul conceives, eternity
Breathes now, and immortality bestows.*

AFTERGLOW

CONSIDER THE LILIES

Matt. VI. 28-29.

LIKE one of these, art hath not made
Apparel that our eyes can please;
Even Solomon was not arrayed
Like one of these.

Consider how they grow at ease
And leisure, dancing in the glade
Like butterflies upon the breeze.

Then be not thou with burdens weighed;
If He a flower's need o'ersees,
Thou, too, shalt on His care be laid,
Like one of these.

WHAT THE CHILD-SOUL SAID TO THE
MOTHER

*In heaven their angels do always behold the face of
my father.*—MATT. XVIII. 10.

AS I beheld God's face,
I heard Love calling me
Out of the boundless space,
Across life's mystery.
Across life's mystery
Will grief and pain wait me,
If I, beguiled, become a child,
And come to dwell with thee?

But love constraineth me
With its soft, mother call,
And I must needs choose thee
To bear me through earth's thrall.
To bear me through earth's thrall,
Up to love's highest bliss,
I need to know Life's weal and woe,
And feel a mother's kiss.

So I have come to thee,
In thy white arms to stay,
That thou may'st mother me
Through life's uncertain way.
Through life's uncertain way
Love, too, shall make thee blest,
Until at last, our travail past,
Both find love's perfect rest.

WHY FEAR?

"Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life."—The last words of Charles Frohman on the sinking Lusitania.

WHY should I fear death's call? Can there e'er be
In life more beautiful adventure, than
To re-embark upon that unknown sea—
That mystery from which love summoned me—
Upon whose hither shore my life began?

So gently was I brought, that when life laid
Me on time's bosom I was not aware;
And when at length I knew that I was made
Like her who bore me, then no more afraid
Was I, lest love should fail of tender care.

And when with an instructed mind, I read
The law that nature hath to me revealed,
I know His love will satisfy each need,
That life's adventurous hope will find its meed,
And every lacerated heart be healed.

And I have learned, He doeth all things well.
Yet life, from its own incompleteness, holds
A need, instinctive, which it cannot tell—
Of future greeting for each last farewell,
Of happiness, united love enfolds.

All forms of life are endless. Each frail vase
Is emptied o'er and o'er—but filled again;
And never tangled is the wondrous maze
Of nature's melodies through endless days—
And yet forever new and sweet to men.

Gleams hint that life upon some future waits;
The worm cannot forecast the butterfly;
And yet the transformation but creates
A step in the same Nature which now mates
Our own—and may life's mystery untie.

The earth hath given me its honied store;
In its fair garden I have had my day;
Now, unknown lengthening vistas to explore,
I set my face unto that other shore,
And with this new adventure end the Play.

In life's fair mansion I am but a guest;
And life will bring fulfillment of the gleam.
I trust this last adventure is the best,
The crowning of a happiness unguessed,
The consummation of the poet's dream.

EASTER

“**A**RISE!” went forth a mighty voice, “all ye
That sleep!” O earthborn lily, who told thee
To come forth with the living from the dead?
The white-robed lily answered, “The great head
And heart of Nature, God himself, called me.

“He said, ‘The Christ is risen!’ and tenderly
My earthy cerements loosing, He bade me,
Too,—following the way the Christ hath led—
Arise.”

Trust thou this promised Immortality,
O troubled, doubting heart! Fear not that He,
Who wakes the lowly lily from her bed,
Whose own hands loose the graveclothes from her
head,
Will Easter Day forget to say to thee,
“Arise!”

A WHISPER OF HEAVEN

IMPRISONED in the shell
Are echoes of the far-off ocean's roar.
May not our hopes of Immortality,
That deep within us dwell—
Instinctive to the soul, and more and more
Insistent to the heart—may they not be
Soul echoes of the swell,
That ceaseless beats on an Eternal shore?

THEN COMETH THE NIGHT

THE sun hath set—but set hath not my love; '
Not set, only obscured by clouds above.
The sun will rise—but love was earlier up;
And with content and joy hath filled my cup.

It cannot be, love's sun will set, for lo!
Its radiance deepens with the evening glow;
The Night fulfills the soul's envisioned gleam,
And is the consummation of love's dream.

THE CALL OF THE SEA

THE sea, the crooning, mothering sea
And human sympathy—together.

The sea was ever kind to me,
And sweet is human sympathy.

I hear the call, but know not whether
'Tis from the sea,—or, dear, from thee.

Although the sea inspires like wine,
Without Love's touch—so deft at smoothing
Care's rumpled pillow—I would pine;
And though broad-breasted and benign,
Do pain and heartache find their soothing
Upon her bosom—or on thine?

The sea hath harmonies that throng
The soul, some answering chord entreating;
But do these strains, heart-tuned and strong,
To ocean's orchestra belong?

The sea's refrain, are they repeating?—
Or are they thy fond, wistful song?

SINGING HARP-STRINGS

LIFE holds no music like the symphony
Of heart-caressing chords that throb and thrill
Under the friendly hand of sympathy;
It haunts my loneliness; that harp-string's trill
Still sings within my heart its melody
E'en though to other ears the harp is still.

A BRIDAL SONG

ONCE a little wand'ring Sunbeam,
In celestial tire arrayed,
Came, and filled our home with sunshine,—
And behold! the sunshine stayed;

Filled the home with smiles and laughter,
Kept the bloom upon the rose,
Gave to life new heart and savor,
Until now—the sunshine goes.

Though the hearthstone be o'erclouded,
Love knows,—though the footsteps roam,—
Our dear Sunbeam keeps on shining;
It but lights another home.

HEAVEN IS HERE

AND where is Heaven, think'st thou?
Beyond earth's boundary—
So hid in mystery,
We reach it only at life's end,
And know
Not even where, nor when, nor how?
Not so!
If we but rightly apprehend,
It is the love in mother's eyes;
It is the pledge of nature's skies,
The blossoming devotion of the bough;
It is in baby's happy smiles,
In sympathy, that grief beguiles,
And in true service to a friend.
My Heaven ever lies
In love's dear eyes,—
In tender words, that deathless trust avow.
Love is creation's source and end,
The purpose of the world God planned;
Love is the only Promised Land,
And love is Heaven—and Heaven is here and now.

THE DIVINE SECRET

WHEN we together set our sail
The hither shore of love to find,
What terrene tides or winds avail
To reach the goal hid in the mind?

Earth's heights and depths may be explored,
But love's domain can never be;
Immeasurable, it stretches toward
The confines of Eternity.

Imagination's realm is fair,
And argosies of beauty sail
From that mysterious region where
Only God's love may lift the veil.

God's love is joy. The universe
Is vibrant with creative song,
Whose harmonies His love rehearse,
And His beneficence prolong.

God's joy is love, which Nature hides
In flower and tree, in clay and man;
And her behests are sovereign guides,
Because interpreting God's plan.

And from these dimly visioned heights,
E'en though the way seems barred, the soul
God's purposed happiness invites,
To compass and complete life's whole.

THE VISION FROM THE HEIGHTS

Isaiah LII. 7.

HOW beautiful upon
The mountains are the feet
Of them that tidings bring
Of Love—God's own heartbeat!

Upon the mountain tops
The soul steps from the sod
Of earthly thought upon
A nearer path to God;

And finds His perfectness,
As from each summit gained
There stretch forth heights beyond—
Ideals to be attained.

What though they be obscured
By mists of earth's desire!
Above the clouds their peaks
Eternally aspire.

THE MOUNTAINS ARE HIS TEMPLE

IF just beyond earth's veiling clouds is heaven,
Then surely here a path to heaven is given;
For, far beyond the reach of human eye,
Stretch peak on peak into the eternal sky,
As stepping stones, which shape an earthly stair
To knowledge of God's constancy and care—
To apprehension of His presence and
The nearness of His all-supporting hand.

Here the o'er-arching sky bends down to cloister weary
feet
That from life's pilgrimage and empty quest seek a
retreat.

More grand than earthly temple is this shrine;
Its aisles are carpeted with velvet pine;
Its altars incensed with the breath of fir,
Whose organ notes men's hearts to freedom stir;
Its windows glow with every gorgeous hue
From prised sunrise to the midday blue,
And only earth-begotten blindness bars
His presence from the sunset and the stars.

The raptured soul finds peace and joy in this majestic
fane,
Renews its faith, and with new strength takes up life's
tasks again.

THE NEW DAWN

THE world would say, my friend is dead—
Hath rested from this earthly strife;
But faith holds, he hath onward sped,
And hath but found a larger life.

Is life's poor structure all we build,
Whose tenure's bound is but a breath?
Has life the law of love fulfilled?
Or, why abides love after death?

Too dimly does life's vision see
The loving Tenderness above;
And life needs an eternity
To know this all-encircling love.

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AN EASTER THOUGHT

THE lilies hear the Easter call,
And wake their promise to repeat.
Why should the cypress wreath appal?
Can aught to love and thee befall,
Where bides the imprint of His Feet?

TRUST

WHEN we this earthly chrysalis discard,
Existence may have unimagined charms.
Why need we fear, because to vision barred?
Beyond all thought and vistas yet unstarred,
Are still the Everlasting Arms.

LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW

TO one who reads with an instructed mind
The book of law, that nature hath unclosed,
Conviction comes that He who guides the stars—
Who gathereth into His benignant arms
The lambs, and feedeth them, who slumbers not,
Nor sleeps—can have no other name than LOVE.
And love—this tender human love, that walks
With us through life in various guise, that shares
Our burdens, soothes our sorrows, leads us even
Beyond death's portal—is God's thought in us
That hints the measure of His love and care.
The Master came, with love ineffable,
And told of kinship with that loving law,
And taught a human phrase, "Our Father." But
On loftier heights of thought, the soul perceives
That God is even nearer—immanent,
And templed in His own enduring love;
And through the cloistered arches of this love—
The dwelling-place of God—there echoes back
That still, small Voice which spake on Horeb's mount;
And the awakened soul, because it hath
An ear to hear this Heavenly Visitor,
Affirms its birthright to divinity,
And claims its own identity with God.

Upon the restful bosom of this Love
Divine, the soul is satisfied, and in
Supreme content, bears witness in itself,
That love is the fulfilling of the Law.

THE MASTER SAITH

WHEN Love hath satisfied thy heart,
Is't for thyself alone to keep?
O wakened Soul, what is thy part?
The Master saith, "Feed thou my sheep!"

SUFFER THE CHILDREN

Mark X. 14.

"SUFFER the children to come unto me!"
In this, the Master's word, must my trust be.

How can I make my life spotless and sweet,
That I lead not astray these little feet!

How can I, all begrimed, bound in sin's bands,
Ever be fit to hold these little hands!

If but my soul were pure, strong to withstand,
I might the children lead to Thy right hand;

I am but weak, and so my prayer must be:
"Suffer the children to come unto Thee!"

QUATRAINS

HEAVEN ENFOLDS US ALL

WHAT matters it the name we bear,
Or how God's word is understood?
We trust His love enfolds us all,
And know His name is, Good.

IN HIS SERVICE

THE World maintains, the sum of living
Is what is gained. But Love conceives,
Life's satisfaction is in giving—
And not what it receives.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

WHEN we so near each other sail,
And see the other's signal light,
Must we miss one another's Hail,
Like ships that pass in the night?

BITTER-SWEET IS LOVERS' PARTING

SWEET is the pain when lovers part—
Each passionate kiss love's troth repeating;
But every parting kiss enfolds
The promise of another meeting.

ONLY THE SONG THE WORLD REMEMBERS

OF praise and fame alone the embers
Make warm the singer's lot;
It is the Song, the world remembers—
The singer is forgot.

BEYOND THE WALL

A ROSE-TREE in our garden grew,
And spread its branches far and wide;
It overtopped the wall, and threw
Some clusters on the other side.

So in our heart love's roses bloom,
Whose fragrance ever dearer grows;
Our garden holds the same perfume,
E'en though we cannot see the rose.

Mourn not the loved no longer seen,
For love is not beyond recall!
Though thought may never pierce the screen,
That love blooms just beyond the wall.

IF HEARTS ARE DUST

IF hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,
And somewhere, far above the plane
Of earthly thought—beyond the sea
That bounds this life, they will meet thee,
And hold thee face to face again.

And when is done life's restless reign,
If I hereafter but regain
Heart's love, why should I troubled be,
If hearts are dust?

By love's indissoluble chain,
I know the grave does not retain
Heart's love; the very faith in me
Is pledge of an eternity,
Where I shall find heart's love again,
If hearts are dust.

LIFE MAY HAVE NEED OF DEATH

INTO the ground earth's seed is shed;
But does it die? Within its husk
 There is a living wraith
That hovers round its resting place,
And keeps alive its protopoe.
Into the ground are laid our dead,
Away from life, into the dusk
 Of memory and faith—
Torn from affection's fond embrace,
As though a fruitage still unripe.
Behind the husk, behind the human cell,
Which are indeed a mundane heritage,
 There is a something still alive—
Alive with independent thought and will,
 Begotten not of earth;
May not this living germ within the shell,
That shapes its growth with neither whim nor
 chance—
If such successive ripenings survive—
 Hint an immortal purpose to fulfill,
 That needs another birth?

Take hope, O doubting Soul! The buried seed,
For all its pledge of life and of rebirth,
Cannot release its vital, pregnant thought
Within the spirit rife,
Till death resolve its cerements to earth.
May it not be, as nature now hath wrought,
Our wistful, earth-imprisoned soul may need
The kindly, helpful hand of Death, to lead
Unto that larger life?

HOPE

I

IS ever happiness content,
Though joy be given its fullest scope?
Beyond every accomplishment
Must be another hope.

II

Every hope is prophecy of Heaven,
Laughs at bonds and bars before it spread,
Looking fondly for fulfilment, even
After all expectancy has fled.

HOLD THOU MY HANDS

HOLD thou my hands a little while in thine,
Thy gentle, restful hands, dear love benign!
Smooth out their weariness with soft caress,
As mothers do their children's restlessness,
With fondling hands that love and rest combine!

And when these inconsistent hands of mine
To wayward selfishness and wrong incline,
In tender and compassionate duress,
Hold thou my hands!

And when I face the dark, and must resign
Love's tender, human touch; must disentwine
Its dear, detaining clasp; when fears depress—
Those mortal fears I cannot quite repress
For all my faith and trust—O Love divine,
Hold Thou my hands!

EVENTIDE

Zechariah XIV. 7.

AT eventide there shall be light."
Why should I ever fear the night?
God's love and constant care attest,
He will not suffer me, His guest,
To thread the dark without a light.

The light of life is love; and quite
Content am I, if but love might
Be near, when I lie down to rest,
At eventide.

And love, if we but read aright,
Is God, who is the Light of Light.
What fear have I from Love's behest,
When Love through life hath made me blest?
That, Love, I trust to be my light,
At eventide.

THE CALLING VOICES

THE world of beauty calleth me!
I hear the far-off forest's organ notes;
I hear the softer music of the bees;
I see the pageant of the clouds, like boats
Adrift upon aerial, shoreless seas;
I feel the solemn grandeur of the hills,
The rapturous enchantment of the rills,
The ceaseless witchery of flowers and trees.

The world of friendship calleth me!
Love may a larger happiness impart;
For though the heart of nature brings repose,
The sense of nearness to the human heart
Gives greater joy than forest, hill or rose;
It every need and longing satisfies,
Unlocks the golden gate of Paradise,
And immortality on life bestows.

The world of fancy calleth me!
If beauty and heart's love have taken flight,
Then in the peace of my own soul I hide,
And seek upon imagination's height,
In gladness and contentment to abide,
And out of hope, desire and memory,
And visions of a waiting Arcady,
A secret palace of delight provide.

The world beyond is calling me!
But over joy and earthly love and dream,
 When gleams and glimpses fill the opal west;
There stretches a new radiance—a beam
 That makes a path unto Love's perfect rest.
The twilight slowly deepens into night,
And I, serene, await the Morning Light,
 When life shall find fulfillment of its quest.

SUNSET

THE sun sinks low, and the shadow
 Steals slowly across my heart;
But we shall meet in the Morning,
 And never more shall part.

L'ENVOI

***A**NOTHER leaf in life's mysterious book
To-day is turned. O friend beloved, I leave
With you these humble flowers to mark the page,
And haply give a perfume to the place,
Which shall add fragrance unto all its leaves.*

*That I might share with you the exquisite
Delight that memory brings, I've sought to lay
Upon these pages nuances of tint
And color, to enliven hope—with here
And there a study of life's meaning, worked
Sometimes in smiles, sometimes in tears—if they
Might wake long-silent chords of joy within
Your heart, recapture your far-wandering thoughts,
And lead them back to Arcady—and me.*

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